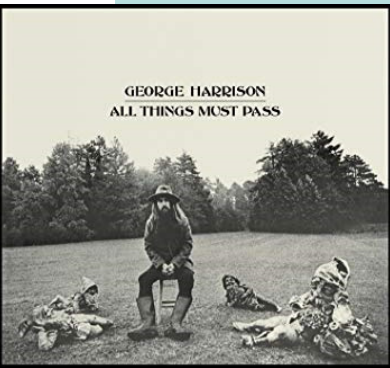


If Not for You

Adrian Ernesto Cepeda

All the way, Mami,
hearing me refrain
But it takes so long
still you always turned
up el radio, driving me
to la pulga, Flea Market
for my belated Navidad
gift, near the back we
followed the footsteps
of guitars, looking up
on the wall of expensive
vinyl you told el hombre
with the long curly gray
barba, knowing I wanted *All*
Things Must Pass, triple
LP still wrapped up,
el disco used, on the way
back home you told me
when I was in your barriga
el radio en la ciudad de
Nueva York always played
"My Sweet Lord," the palabras
you loved *I really want*
to see you, singing to me,
were the first words you
learned in ingles. Every time
I drop the record needle on
the groove takes me back
you driving me as I held
my triple vinyl records
hearing George's riffs as we
both played la air guitarra
with our dedo fingers. Even
now that you are up there, farther
away, *I really want to show*
you, Mami, I still love singing
cantando, here's hoping
when I'm driving in my car
windows rolled down, turning
up our song, looking
at the cielo skies, between
la *Hallelujah* chorus, our sweet
Dios can feel me serenading
you.



George Harrison

"My Sweet Lord"

All Things Must Pass

11/1970

Apple